THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG, SATURDAY, JUNE

BEING ONE OF A SERIES OF SHORT STORIES ENTITLED

THE ROMANCE OF AN INSURANCE OFFICE, BASED UPON PASSAGES IN THE EXPERIENCE OF MR. AUGUSTUS WILLIAM WEBBER, Formerly General Manager of the Universal Insurance Company.

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nition, but the hair when washed and re-stored to its original flaxen tint, might

form an important clew to lead to identifi-

By this time other officers had come upor

the scene, among whom was Inspector Sullivan, a good-natured Irishman and an active and intrepid officer of the Metro-

Inspector Sullivan dispatched one of his

men for a conveyance to remove the body to the parish mortuary, and another for the

Until the surgeon arrived the Inspector re-fused to allow the remains to be interfered

"Wait till Dr. Maurice Dean comes,"

said; "we can do nothing without him. He must see the body first. Meanwhile one of you fellows had better get a tarpaulin; we

Maurice Dean came quickly in answer to the summons, and, having swiftly noted the

position of the body, gave orders for its re-moval from the grave in which it was lying. With hushed voices the workmen spoke to one another as they made arrangements

for the performance of their appalling office, and a tear rolled down the cheeks of more

than one of them as with almost womanly gentleness they raised the body from its dishonored resting-place, with its long tresses of light flaxen hair streaming in the

wind, and carefully deposited it on the tar-paulin, which had been stretched on the ground close by the side of the grave where the body of the poor unfortunote had been

Maurice Dean knelt down by the side of

the corpse to make a preliminary examina-tion of the remains. Though the defacing fingers of decay had altered the features past

recognition a cursory examination told him that no external injury was to be found in front. The face, though greatly disfigured, was intact, and the dark dress of olive-green

merino and the long grey ulster in which the body was clad showed no signs of cut or

But when the body was carefully turned

over a renewed cry of horror broke from the

group of bystanders, mingled with expressions of profound commisseration from men

little given to manifestation of any of the

deeper emotions, as the young surgeon pointed with the index finger of his right

hand to a deep wound in the back of the

"A bullet has passed in there," the doc

tor remarked laconically, whereon pitying exclamations, "Poor creature!" "Poor soul!" "I wonder whose bounie lass she can

have been?" broke from the lips of the spec-

Maurice Dean proceeded to examine the

spot where the bullet had sped on its fatal

his penknife. Then taking one of the long

tresses in his hand he turned it back to give him a better opportunity of examining the wound, and noting for the first time the

rare flaxen tint of the hair he gave a wild

start of horror, and his heart bounded furiously against his ribs. In another

moment it was as if a bolt had shot through his brain, as rising from the ground, over-

whelmed by the lightning force of a sudden

conviction, he staggered back a few paces, and, throwing his clenched hands back in

the air in an access of terror and grief, cried out in the awed bearing of the bystanders:

villain Latour!"

"My God! My God! It is my sister. That

Scarcely had the cry left his tips ere he

Maurice Dean's startled exclamation of

recognition, ere he fell to the ground over-

whelmed by his discovery, afforded the po-

lice an important clew toward clearing up

the identification of the woman whose mur-

dered remains had been unexpectedly dis-

covered in Great Chester street, which

much mystery.

A cautious observer might, indeed, have

suggested that Maurice Dean had reasoned on too slight a premiss—if he could have been said to have reasoned at all—and had

simply rushed rashly on a wild conclusion that a subsequent investigation of facts might show to be entirely unwarranted.

The fact that the body of a woman had been found on the premises lately occupied by Gerald Latour, absolutely unrecognizable except from the tresses of her long flaxen

hair, and that Maurice's sister had hair of the same color, and had been known to La-

tour, and two other slight marks of identifi-cation to be mentioned presently were all that Maurice Dean had to go upon in the shape of positive evidence, and formed but a slender basis on which to build an accusa-

But none of those who had been present at

the scene, and had witnessed the startling

effect produced on the surgeon by his curs-ory examination of the remains of the mar-dered girl, and had heard that terrible cry,

"It is my sister!" uttered in the accents of anguished conviction, could entertain a doubt, that, by whatever means Maurice

spector Sullivan was visibly impressed by what he had seen, and when the case was

committed to his hands he determined to start from the assumption that Maurice Dean was not the victim of mere hallucina-tion, led astray by an over-heated imagina-tion, when he declared that the remains

which he had seen were the body of his sister, Netta Dean, but a man who had at one quick bound reached the truth.

quick bound reached the truth.

The surgeon was so utterly unstrung in every nerve by the shocking discovery that as soon as he recovered from his swoon he was quickly removed to his home in a cab.

and a brother medical-officer was called in to take his place, while the body of the girl, whom he still alleged to be his sister Netta, was conveyed to the parish deadhouse, to await medical examination and the inquest

which murt follow.
"Tell Gibbons to take particular care

the mole which he will find on her neck im-mediately to the right of the left car," he

said to the sergeant who accompanied him in the cab to the door of his surgery.

"I will tell him, sir," the man replied.

low, sympathetic tone.
"There may be other marks of identity

which I can remember," Maurice Dean pur-sued, "as soon as I am able to recall things,

but that is one."

Gibbons was the police surgeon in an ad-

called in to examine the bedy of a woman unknown—dug out of her grave into which sha was thrown when murdered—and that woman his own sister! Poor tellow! No

committed to his hands he determined

tion of murder.

fell back senseless to the ground.

skull.

politan police.

Divisional Surgeon.

CONCLUDED.

Among the facts brought to light by Doggett in the course of his inquiries into the affairs of Gerald Latour was the existence of a mortgage on the premises in Great Chester street.

This mortgage was held by a maiden lady named Bradley, residing in Islington, an elderly woman of keen, active intelligence and practical business habits. Miss Bradley had somehow contrived to learn that affairs were not as flourishing in Great Chester street as she had been led to suppose when first she advanced her money, and some six months before the outbreak of the fire she instructed her solicitor to give notice of foreclosure. The notice was on the eve of expiration when the premises were destroyed—a circumstance that led, among others, to the hastening of the catastrophe. Certainly it formed one of many collateral proofs which went to show that General Latour had reached a desperate crisis in his affairs at the time of the fire, and supplied clear proof of motive for the incendiary act with which he was charged, and for which he and Joe Gillett, accomplice in the crime, had been lodged in Newgate to await their trial on

the next jail delivery.

It is mentioned here, because of the important results it brought in its train, and the secret of a hidden crime which it was instrumental in bringing to light. As soon as the notice was expired Miss Bradley acted with energy and promptitude. The facts disclosed in the course of Latour's and Gillett's examination at the Mansion House prepared the old lady to expect that she was destined to become the owner of a very val-uable piece of freehold. In view of this, she gave instructions to an eminent firm of city architects to prepare plans for her ap-proval for a handsome block of warehouses on the site.

Immediately Miss Bradley found herself the owner of the land in question matters were put in train and workmen employed in clearing the site of the debris which the salvage corps had left undisturbed after they had obtained proofs of incendiarism and made discovery that nothing of value remained from the fire.

The work of clearing the ground occupied several days. When it was accomplished an inspection was made of the premises by the architects employed by Miss Bradley, who, like the immortal spouse of John Gil-pin, "was of a frugal mind." Miss Bradley had resolved that before the

walls were meddled with a strict examina-tion should be made, to ascertain whether they could not be allowed to remain parts of the new buildings she contemplated erecting. Messrs. Jenkyns & Rice, the firm of architects who had received Miss Brad-ley's instructions, complied with her wishes, but they did not intend for all that to allow her to have her own sway in the matter The walls were discovered to be perfectly sound, except in one or two places where it had been found necessary to shore them up. had been found necessary to shore them up, but Jenkyns & Rice declined to certithe stability of the foundations nestil a further examination was made. A distance was measured off near the east all to decide the question of the security the foundations, and digging operations are commenced at this point; and soon a

and of men were engaged with pickaxes and shovels.

They had not got down very far before their attention was challenged by a faint, sickly odor, as from a newly-opened grave.
"Pears to me that there is a drain .some where hereabouts," exclaimed one of the

men to his comrades.
"Ye're about right, Jim, I'm thinking," returned one of his mates. "It do smell un-common queer. A drop a beer now ud be

send Harry to the Cat and Bells for a gallon. 'Oi, Harry! look here, lad, sharp!' the speaker bawled to a short, bandy-legged youth of 18, who was standing a few paces off with face and hands grimed in dirt. "Fetch us a gallon!" said the man called

Jim, when Harry, lazily sauntering toward them, demanded to know what they wanted, Harry, after stipulating that he was to have his share, went off at a run, while the workmen suspended their operations pending his return with the beer.
"Ugh! it makes me sick," said Ben. "It

does not smell like a drain. There's summut wus than a drain here."
"What can it be, Ben?" asked another.
"I'm blowed if I know," was the reply. "It smells as bad as a graveyard."

"Perhaps there is a corpse buried here," exclaimed Jim in an awe-struck tone. "I shouldn't wonder if there were," Ben replied. "It's bad enough." Ben had been engaged some time before

on a job for a contractor who had arranged to remove the contents of a city graveyard the erection of a magnificent suite of city offices. When once the idea had taken pos-session of Ben's mind that the sickly odor emanating from the trench they were digging had a graveyard smell, and he recalled his former experiences in unbaring the tene-ments of the dead in that city churchyard, the idea could not be eradicated.

But further discussion was cut short by

the return of the lad, Harry, bearing in his hands a can of beer and a tumbler. Harry, with an unconscious sense of humor which sat well on his stolid face, first helped himself-"fer bringing it, you know"-and then proceeded to dole out the beverage to the men, who, as soon as they had refreshed themselves, proceeded once more with their

As each shovelful of the dark red earth was removed, the odor became more perceptible, and wondering exclamations were drawn from the men. Presently one of drawn from the men. Presently one of them, striking down his spade deeply, gave a cry of mingled alarm and surprise.
"Stop a minute, lads," he shouted in an agented voice. "We must go slowly. There's

summat that has no business here. The men now went about their task more warily, removing the earth by little short

"Look 'ee there, Ben," cried Jim.
"What's that?" pointing to a long tress of hair disclosed by the removal of the last spadeful.

"It's hair, by the living Jingo," Ben exclaimed, sharing his mate's excitement.
"Hair it is," replied Jim, "and a women's too, by the look on't. Here lad, give
the a trowel."

A trowel was handed to Jim, who began carefully to scoop out the earth at the spot indicated, gradually laying bare the long

woman's hair, and a portion of a Send for the police," the men cried in breath; and once more the work was sus-pended while Harry ran for the police. He soon returned, bringing with him a sergeant and a constable, to whom he had already communicated the ghastly discovery just

Under the directions of the police the work was once more resumed. Little by little the earth was removed, until at last lying in her hastily made grave the form of

Gibbons was the police surgeon in an adjoining division, on whose good nature Maurice Dean knew that he could rely to relieve him of a duty that he felt himself entirely unable to discharge. The police sergeant having again promised Dr. Dean that his message should be delivered left him looking more dead than alive.

"Did ever such a dreadful thing ever happen before in a man's experience?" the officer murmured to himself as he went. "Just to think of it! A police surgeon called in to examine the body of a woman unknown—dug out of her grave into which A groan of horror broke from the men as they gazed with blanched faces and beating hearts on the sad and pitiful sight.

The body was fall clad, though there was no covering for the head, from which rich

wonder he is terribly cut up. If that were pu' a novel now, what would the public thing? Why, they simply would not believe it; and yet it is true. It is a strange world, this," said the officer thoughtfully, continuing his soliloquy, "and queerer things happen in it than this wise world ever drawns of." The Universal Insurance Company had,

of course, no special interest in the latest development of matters in Great Cheste development of matters in Great Chester street, but it so happened that Doggett and Inspector Sullivan were old cronies, and as Doggett had been engaged for some time in uncarthing whatever particulars he could find of Gerald Latour's private life, in establishing the charge of incendiarism and conspiracy, for which Latour and Gillette were then waiting their trial, Sullivan decided on having a chat with his old triend as a preliminary measure. long hair fell in thick profusion. The damp, dark earth had dimmed the brightness of the hair, to which here and there tangled masses of the soil still clung. One of the workmen, with a groan of pity, tenderly raised one of the long tresses, revealing underneath a rich flaxen color. Decomposition was too far advanced to admit of recognition was too far advanced to admit of recognitions.

as a preliminary measure.

Accordingly that evening Inspector Sulli van, in plain clothes, paid a visit to Doggett at this private residence adjoining the Old Kent road.

"Come in," said the detective, who him-

self opened the door to his visitor. "I have been expecting to see you, and when I heard the bell ring I knew it must be you." And so speaking Doggett led the way to his front sitting room, where a cheerful fire was burning in the grate.

"Of course, you can guess my errand,"
Suilivan remarked, after he had divested
himself of his great coat, and was seated in
an arm-chair, leisurely filling his pipe.
"I have read the evening papers and an

guess," Doggett replied.
"I thought that, as you had been mixed up with that fire business of Latour's you would be able to tell me something about him. About his habits, I mean," Sullivan

added, in explanation. "I know he is an uncommon bad lot," Doggett remarked. "To tell you the truth I was not a bit surprised when I read of the discovery in Great Chester street. I expected something of that sort would be com-

ing out, sooner or later."
"Why?" asked Sullivan.
"You had better listen and I will tell you all I know," said Doggett. "I lound out quite enough about him," the detective continued. "to know he was the detective continued." "to know he was as unscrupulous a scoundrel as ever walked this earth. An inveterate gambler, a roue every inch of him—in fact a man about town without an shall probably find someone who will carry

been on the premises after locking-up time at 8 o'clock. At last two persons came for-ward who had met Latour and Gillett to-gether, walking along London Bridge, away from Great Chester street, about 12 o'clock. "That would be about the time that the

"It was discovered at a quarter past twelve."

"And on that you arrested both of them?"
"And have sent them both to trial.
Neither could give a good account of his movements that night. Gillett attempted an alibi, but that broke down. If he had held his tongue and left his counsel to shake the evidence of identification, he shake the evidence of identification, he might have fared better," the detective added, sententiously.

"Your case against Latour," said Sullivan, "is that his marriage was broken off because of this other wife turning up, and

because of this other wife turning up, and that missing a great heiress he set fire to his premises to relieve himself from his financial embarrassments?

"That is the case in a nutshell," said Doggett. "He was terribly pressed before the exposure to Miss Marchant, but when the old man insisted on withdrawing his money from the business, it was all UP with Master Gerald Latour."

"Was the woman his wife?" inquired

"Was the woman his wife?" inquired "I have not the least idea. He is scamp

enough to have deceived the woman who believed herself to be his wife with a mock marriage, and he was quite capable of having secretly married one woman and of keeping her locked up in camera while he married and lived with another."

"Well, if you are not very busy at your office," said Sullivan, "I would be glad if you could give a hand in unraveling this business. It is likely to be a stiff job."

business. It is likely to be a stiff job."

"Say no more. Mick," the detective replied, cordially, "I will help you with pleasure. As you say, it is likely to be a stiff job. Is the identity of the woman placed beyond all doubt?"

"It is too early to speak about that yet," Sullivan replied. "Dr. Dean is prepared to swear to important facts which tend that way."

"That is not much," cried Doggett. "The first business must be to trace where the



"That he was hard up," said Doggett,
"all the world knows who has read the proceedings before the magistrates in the Great Chester street fire case. But in considera-tion for the feelings of innocent persons, we have not revealed the full extent of our inenough to substantiate our case, and we kept back the rest." Go on, Doggett, my boy, I am following

vou." eried Sullivan. The detective lowered his voice as he pro 'There was a woman in the case: as there

"More than one of them sometimes," cried "More than one of them, as you say

pursued Doggett. "It appears that Latour was for a long time engaged to his cousin, Helen Marchant, a young lady, who lives with her father in Russell square. Awfully rich old man is old Mr. Marchant. The wedding preparations were completed, when one evening Latour called at Russell square and was shown into Miss Marchant's presence. Poor devil, he got his conge that night. Miss Marchant taxed him with perfidy and confronted him with a letter signed by his own wife, Netta Latour. The girl had written to Miss Marchant telling her all her history and how Latour had married her. She explained that she had two motives for writing. One was to put Miss Marchant on her guard against a treacherous man, and the other was to ask her assistance if Latour refused to acknowledge her."

"Did you see the letter?" asked Sullivan.
"No, I learned all this from Mr. Marchant. He was in such a towering rage at the deception Latour had been practicing, and at the villainy he had meditated upon his daughter, that he went heart and soul into our case and gave me all the information he could. He is one of those rum old files who talks a good deal about justice being done on a secondrel and all that—that he will cheerfully assist you to get his nepher hanged if his assistance is wanted."

"Anything else in the letter?" asked Sul livan.
"N-o-o," replied Doggett, dubiously.
"Yes, there was though. The writer said that before sending the letter she had determined to make a last appeal to her hus-band's honor and good feeling, and only in case she failed would the letter be sent."
"The arrival of the letter, then, was to be

a sign that she had made an attempt to move her husband, and that her attempt had broken down?" asked Sullivan. "You have hit it, Mick," replied Dog-gett. "There is another curious thing about that letter," said Doggett, after a pause, in which the two men sat thinking. "It bore neither date nor address; so that, as Mr. Marchant explained, his daughter had un-fortunately not been able to do anything for

fortunately not been able to do anything for Gerald's wife, and though they had advertised in all the papers, no answer had been received, and she had never written again."

"That is strange," remarked Sullivan.

"It is strange, "replied Doggett, "and that has set me thinking many a time whether Gerald Latour has not more to answer for than the business of this Great Chester street You understand what I meant nov saw what I did see in the evening papers. I was prepared for it, and I have been ex-

was prepared for it, and I have been expecting you ever since."

"There is no clew to the address where this Mrs. Latour lived?" Inspector Sullivan said, withdrawing his gaze from the fire which he had sat sometime contemplating, and turning his eyes upon his colleague.

"I know of none," Doggett replied, "but then that will not matter much. Now the thing has got into the papers somebody is or woman never returned-someone who

victim was wearing."
Sullivan nodded. Presently he asked, there you busy just now?"
'No, I have nothing in hand except this fire case, and that will be dropped, of course, now that the more serious charge will be made."

"Yes," said Sullivan, "murder

"Yes," said Sullivan, "murder is worse than incendiarism. By-the-bye, Doggett, what evidence have you against Latour's man, Gillett?"

"Not very much," was the reply. "You know that for some time we could find no syidence to show that either of then had

atom of conscience or feeling in his pleasures. You know the article well enough."
Sullivan nodded, as much as to say that he could match Gerald Latour any day in the week.

"In what he was hard no," said Doggett."

"The was was a was a was letter helps."

follow me?"
"Quite."
"She says in her letter that she will not

nd it until she has made an appeal to her husband and failed. Let us suppose now that Mrs. Latour went to her husband, and instead of succeeding, as the poor woman seems to have had some slight hope that she might; failed utterly, and never left the place alive. How did the letter reach the ands of Miss Marchant? Answer me that, Mick Sultivan."

But Sullivan had no answer ready. After remaining some time in deep thought he ventured to suggest that Mrs. Latour might have gone away again and posted her letter and then returned, and that her husband, finding her so persistent, put her out of the

way.
"Utterly improbable!" cried Doggett.
"What should she return for after she had posted her letter? My view of the case is this. She went down to see him by night for the sake of privacy. Think of his position. Latour must marry his cousin to save himself from ruin. His wife, he finds, has discovered all. She knows that he is going to marry another woman. She knows who that woman is, and where she lives. He tries to laugh the matter off, and when that fails, he threatens her. She is enraged, and returns him hot words in her anger. He is in a des-perate position when he finds he cannot move her, confronted as he is with exposure and certain ruin. He has a revolver in his pecket, and as she turns to go he shoots her, and probably with Gillett's help, buries her. If we had not discovered the place had been fired by him he would have paid Miss

Bradley's mortgage off with the insurance money, rebuilt the premises, taking care not to have that particular spot where he had buried his wife disturbed, and the poor thing would have been lying in her grave still, and the murder would never have been found out." "Dogggett, you are a genius!" cried Sul-

"Doggett, you are a genius!" cried Sullivan, in a burst of admiration.
"Am I?" asked Doggett, coolly. "I am not genius enough to fathom how a dead woman walked out of her grave and posted her letter to Marchant, and then walked back again."

"The letter is a facer," said Sullivan.
"It is a facer," said Doggett, "but we will clear that up somehow before very long or my name is not Doggett."

"Dogget," cried Sullivan, "you should have been called Dogged. I never knew such a fellow to hold on"; and with this mild joke the two cronies parted for the

The awful discovery made in Great Chester street was communicated to Gerald Latour by his solicitor, Mr. Finch, who had taken in hand the preparation of his de-fense against the charge of arson and conspiracy. Latour heard the news with stolid, unmoved countenance, declaring in

stolid, unmoved countenance, declaring in a careless off-hand manner that he knew nothing and had no explanation to give.

"That won't do," said Mr. Finch earnestly. "The doctors affirm that the body has not been lying there more than a few months—perhaps six. People will not readily believe that a murdered woman could be smuggled away on your premises and you know nothing of the matter."

But Latour stubbornly persisted that it was not his affair—that he was as ignorant how the body could have come there as a now the body could have come there as a

"You had better treat me frankly if I am to save your neck from the rope," said Mr. Finch, significantly. "There are three men whom it never pays to deceive—your medi-cal attendant, your spiritual adviser and your solicitor."

your solicitor."

The sppeal was lost on Gerald. He persisted in declaring his innocence.

"Very good, then," said Mr. Finch, "I shall prepare for your defense on the hypothesis that you are not only innocent, but that you can absolutely throw no light on the mystery how the body of a woman murdered some six or nine months ago was spirited into the premises occupied by you, and there interred by some unknown person. It has the merit of boldness, but if it fails you will only have yourself to thank. You understand?"

was a mole behind the left ear on the neck, as described by Dr. Dean, and signs of an old fracture in the small bone of the ankle. old fracture in the small bone of the ankle. The victim had borne children.

Inquiry-agent Doggett had made search at Rose Cottage, and had found the revolver now produced in a drawer in the bedroom occupied by the prisoner Latour. The bullet fitted the weapon exactly.

Inspector Sullivan stated that he had visited the prisoners in Newgate and charged them with the murder of Netta Latour on the 29th of July last. The prisoner Latour made no reply. Gillett said that he kew nothing about it.

This closed the evidence.

"Have you any witnesses to call?" asked e Coroner, blandly, from Mr. Fineb. "We reserve our defense," the solicitor

replied.
"I shall speak now," cried Gillett, in an

He had been exhibiting increasing signs

This closed the evidence.

"I should like you to be quite clear on the point. The woman is said to be your wife. That makes such a line of defense ridiculous." "I never married." Latour returned obstinately.
"Then your mistress?"

Latour was silent; and the solicitor left him moodily thinking, but taciturn to the end of the interview.

The inquest was formally opened the same day, in the club room of the Cat and Bells, day, in the club room of the Cat and Bells, and adjourned for a week on the application of the police. The Coroner and Jury requested that the prisoners might be present when the proceedings were resumed, and Inspector Sullivan promised that their request should be conveyed to the right quarter. Mr. Finch urged that in the interests of his client it was desirable that the request should be compiled with request should be complied with.

When the time came round for the Coro-

ner to commence proceedings in earnest, the medical men engaged in the case on behalf of the Crown and the prisoners had com-pleted their examination of the remains. As soon as the court was opened the pris-oners, who had arrived under a strong escort of police, were brought into the room. Ger-eld appeared unmoved by the terrible posi-tion in which he found himself, save for a quick, nervous caressing of his long, curling black beard, which he stroked continually. Gillett had evidently strung himself to put a bold front on matters, but he could not hide from a careful observer that he fully realized the gravity of his position. This was displayed in the watchful, furtive glances which he ever and again cast round the court, like a wild bear at bay and pre-

paring to spring.

The Coroner opened the proceedings by a complimentary allusion to the zeal and skill displayed by Inspector Sullivan, who had been ably assisted by Mr. Doggett, the head of the Private Inquiry Department at-tached to the Universal Insurance Compa-ny. These two gentlemen had fulfilled their duties with such consummate ability as to admit of the case being presented to the jury in orderly sequence, and in a man-ner which he believed would leave no doubt on the minds of the jury as to the verdict which it would be their duty to return.

With this preamble the evidence of the workmen and the police who were present at the discovery of the remains was first taken, and then Maurice Dean was seated at taken, and then Maurice Dean was seated at the table and sworn. He identified the body which the jury had viewed as that of his sister Netta. The features were obliter-ated, but the peculiar rich tint in her flaxen hair and the presence of a large mole em-bedded in the hair a little to the right of the left ear convinced him of her identity. He remembered, too, that the small bone in his sister's right ankle had been broken.

"We shall been more about that hy and "We shall hear more about that by and by," said the Coroner, "when we come to

he medical testimony."

Maurice then told how his sister first be came acquainted with Gerald Latour, and that a week after Latour left Cote Farm Netta was missing, and had not since been heard of. He had taxed Gerald Latour with spiriting her away, which the prisoner

"Was your sister married?"
"That I cannot say," replied Maurice
Dean, in a sharp tone of pain. "That she
believed herself to be married, I entertain

"Call Martha Coppock," said the Coroner, after Mr. Finch had attempted in vain to shake Maurice Dean's testimony.

Mrs. Coppock's story produced a great impression on the jury. Her evidence went to show that for three years past she had lived at Rose Cottage, Willesden, as house-

keeper to Mr. and Mrs. Latour. She recog-nized Mr. Latour, now in court, as her master. One day in July last—she could not remember the precise day, but it was to-ward the end of the month—her mistress seemed greatly upset. She had often seen her weeping before, and knew the cause. It was because Mr. Latour would not allow her to communicate with her friends in Somer-setshire, and inform them of her marriage. Witness asked Mrs. Latour whether she wa fretting because of the old trouble. She re-"No, you cannot help me this time, except by leaving me to myself." Witness left her. She believed that Mrs. Laton spent a long time in writing, for late in the evening she came into the kitchen, wearing her hat and ulster, and gave witness a letter after which she left. It was a thick letter "What did she say when she gave you the letter?" asked the Coroner.

"She asked me to take care of it, telling me that she was not certain whether she would return or not. If she did not come back next day, I was to post the letter. The letter was addressed to Miss Marchant, whom I had heard of as my master's

"Did she come back?" "No; I have never seen her since."
"And you posted the letter?"
"I did, the next evening."
"Were you not surprised that she did not return?

"No. My master came home the next evening, and told me that he had yielded to my mistress' wishes at last, and she had gone down to Somersetshire to pay a long visit to her friends."

"A very plausibly told story to account for the poor woman's disappearance," said the Coroner, "and one very cleverly adapted to allay the witness' suspicions." The jury murmured an assent, and looked darkly on the prisoners.

darkly on the prisoners.

The uister and dress worn by the deceased, and a hat found under the body, were brought into court. Though faded and stained by their burial in the dark soil, the witness readily identified them as the clothes which her mistress was wearing when the left Rose Cottage. when she left Rose Cottage.
"Now, where was you master on the night

of Mrs. Latour's disappearance?"
"I cannot say; he did not return home that night. He came the next evening, and said that he had been kept late as usual."
"Look at the prisoner Gillett, and tell us

if you know him."
The witness glanced nervously round, and then said: "He is my husband."
"Has he ever been in trouble?" The witness burst into tears." "He has, ir. Don't ask me what, but he has been

under Mr. Latour's thumb these sever years. His real name is Coppock, not

Mrs. Coppock was subjected to a long cross-examination, but nothing materia was elicited. The next witness gave his name as Peter The next witness gave his name as Peter Stones, who said he was a lighterman and lived in a court behind Latour's premises in Great Chester street. He remembered the night of the 29th of July last. He heard two pistol shots fired. They appeared to come from Mr. Latour's premises. Witness had no doubt upon the matter. He spoke to his wife about it at the time, and she agreed with him. Did not think it his business to inquire, and thought me more

business to inquire, and thought no more about it until he read of the Great Chester street murder in the papers.

The witness was corroborated by his wife, who further testified that shortly before closing time, the same night that she and her husband had heard the pistol shots, she went to the Cat and Bells to fetch a pint of half-and-half, and while she was waiting to be served Mr. Latour and the prisoner Gil-lett came in. Latour asked for two sixpen-

lett came in. Latour asked for two sixpennyworths of brandy.

Mrs. Smallbones, the landlady of the Cat and Bells, corroborated this testimony. She noticed at the time that Mr. Latour "looked a bit startled like," and that his hand trembled a good deal as he raised the brandy to his lips, which he swallowed raw at one gulp. He called for a second, which he likewise drank raw. She had never seen him drink raw spirits before. She did not notice anything out of the way in Gillett's appearance. They left together at half-past 12.

The medical testimony was short and to the point. The murdered woman had died from a pistol wound. The bullet had entered the base of the skull in an upward direction, and was found lodged in the brain. The bullet fitted the pistol produced. The body was apparently that of a well-nourished woman of about 24. There

There is Every Evidence of Directing Power In Some Vegetation.

The manner in which the mimosa closes its stalks and leaves at the approach darkness is very interesting. As the gloam ing gently falls the leaves move upward toward each other till they touch; the secondary leaf stalks slowly droop till they are nearly parallel with the main leaf stalks, which in their turn fall till they point to the ground. Thus it folds itself at the close of day, and there is no doubt, if it were not allowed to sleep it would, like ourselves, soon die. This is not only an example of the necessity of sleep for the repairing of nervous energy and recuperation of brain power, but a proof of the existence of the same in the yegetable kingdom.

of discomposure as the evidence was un-folded and be caught its drift. The Coroner Then there are the carnivorous plants, cautioned the prisoner, who, however, reiterated his desire to be sworn. He was accordingly brought to the table and sworn, when he gave the following remarkable the Venus fly-trap (Deonœa), for instance, "My name is Joseph Coppock. Some years ago I got into froubic. I decline to say what it was about, but it placed me in his power," said Gillett, with a jerk of his thumb in the direction where Latour was sitting. "I remember Mrs. Latour coming to Great Chester street last July. There was an awful scene between my master and his wife. I did not pay much attention to what it was about, as I was working at the other end of the building. I heard two shots fired in quick succession, and looked in the direction of the door where I had last seen them standing. I went to see what was the matter. Mrs. Latour was lying on the floor near the door with her face downward. Blood was cozing from a wound at the back of her head. This was about 10 o'cleck. We buried her that night and then went to the Cat and Bells where we had two glasses of brandy each. What the witnesses have said is quite correct. I consented to help brain being seated within the extreme end said is quite correct. I consented to help my master to get rid of the body on condition that he would give up the proofs he had against me and £500 to start afresh with in

against me and £500 to start afresh with in the colonies. I had nothing to do with the fire. My meeting Mr. Latour and walking over London Bridge was a pure accident, as I shall be able to prove now that I am free to speak. I have nothing more to say."

Mr. Finch made a gallant attempt to shake Gillett's confession, but gave up in despair. "Gillett has pulled the rope tight round his master's neck which the other witnesses had fastened round it before," the solicitor muttered to himself below his breath. In the commencement of plant life we find, in the case of the pea or bean, for example, the radicle emerges at one end of the seed and the plumule at the other. What causes the radicle to descend and the other to ascend? If the seed is so placed that the radicle comes out at the top the result is the same, for the radicle immediately turns around and grows downward. It cannot be gravitation although. Daywin thought it gravitation, although Darwin thought it was, because that would have the same effeet upon the plumule. There can only be one reason, and that is the existence of di-recting force or brain power.

summing up from the Coroner returned a verdict of Wilful Murder against both prisoners, who were shortly afterward tried for their lives at the Central Criminal The more serious charge was not' pressed against Gillett, who was, however, con-victed as an accessory after the fact and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. Latour was sentenced to death.

It was even so. The jury after a brief

To all outward appearances Gerald Latour prepared to meet his doom with unflinching courage. He never alluded to the crime for which his life was forfeited to the law, nor would he suffer any allusion to be made to it in his hearing. He tolerated the kind offices of the jail chaplain with cyni-

cal resignation.

He slept soundly the night before his execution, rose early and remained for some time wrapped in his own reflections. What

they were who shall say?
Did he think of those bright summer days tached to the old farmhouse, as he lay swinging in a hammock suspended from the spreading branches of an enormous apple tree, while he craftily won Netta Dean's consent to a private marriage? Did he remarriage known, and the mad wicked act by which he had closed that beautiful life? Did he recall the infamous burial, and how Netta, lying in her dishonored grave, had been disovered—Revealed by Fire, as it were—to the discomfiture of all plans? Had were—to the discomfiture of all plans? Had he a thought to spare for his wasted youth and the hours which he had wantonly spent in disgraceful orgies? Did he think of his two innocent children, whose mother's life he had destroyed and to whom he was leav-ing the shameful heritage of the brand of Cain?

Again we ask-who knows? He sat there on the bed in the little confined cell in New-gate, where so many of his predecessors in crime have spent their last hours on earth and indulged in their last reflections the white light of the Eternal. He sat there long, never moving, with his head bowed on his breast and his hands tightly locked in

At last the heavy boom of St. Sepulchre's stole through the frightened air. The hour of doom had come! There was the sound of tootsteps traversing the corridor. Another boom from St. Sepulchre's and the sheriffs stood at the door! They spoke to him, but he sppeared not to hear. They touched him, but he appeared not to notice. Was he dazed or asleep? A warder felt his hands and drew back startled. He had died as he sat there. The higher Justice had called the soul of Gerald Latour before the judgment water where the coules are the said ward. ment seat where the scales are held evenly.

Months passed away when the following announcement appeared in the Times:

DEAN-MARCHANT-On the 5th inst.,

Maurice Dean, M. D., formerly of Cote, Somersetshire, to Helen, only child of Joshua Marchant, of Russell square.

It was long before Maurice Dean recovered from the shock occasioned by his sister Netta's terrible death. When he sought the children of his dead sister, he found Helen Marchant had made them her care, Helen Marchant had made them her care, motheriess as they were and soon to be fatherless. It was the only way she could think of in which she could answer the letter which Netta had written to her in her despair, and she felt that this reparation was due to the Deans, who had suffere keenly from the sin of her kinsman. intercourse thus begun between Maurice and Helen ripened into a fast, true affection, crowned with an honorable marriage.

given to true mourners to find growing out of the graves of buried loves and hopes bitterly and sorely dashed the fair flowers of new loves and bright hopes lest they that weep should be embittered by the unrelieved darkness of black despair!

Netta sleeps in the churchyard near her Somersetshire home. Over her grave each peaceful Sabbath day there rolls the solemn melody of praise, sung within he rustic

melody of praise, sung within by rustic folks, with whose voices Netta's childish folks, with whose voices Netta's childish treble had often sweetly blended in the old happy days, ere Gerald Latour came to Somersetshire and cast his malign shadow over her young life. Thither, too, the scent from the orchards is wa fted in spring time, when the valley is one blaze of snow white color, as nature cast off her wintry sleep and fills the bare branches with the spring glory of apple blossoms. And, thither, too, in apple harvest, there is carried along the breeze the choruses of village lads and maidens, as they gather and store the golden fruit. fruit.

There let us leave her peacefully resting, set free forever from false loves and gross passions—resting amid the scenes she loved THE END.

Prof. Ferraris, an Italian scientist, has duced without commutator, brush or other device. This is regarded as the most im-portant discovery in electrical science made during the past year. BRAIN POWER OF PLANTS.

PURSUES HER ACCUSER TO AMERICA

which will digest raw beef as readily as its insect prey. From glands, with which its leaf is provided, fluids are poured out which resemble the gastrie juice of the animal stomach in its digestive properties. The matter of the insect body or meat is thus absorbed into the substance and tissues of the plant, just as the food taken into the animal stomach is directed and becomes animal stomach is digested and becomes part of the animal fabric. In the animal, digestion can only be commenced by the brain force acting, by means of a nerve, upon the gastric glands; may we, therefore, con-cede that it is the action of the same power in the plant that produces the same effect. There is no structure in plants, so for as its brain, being seated within the extreme end of the body, receiving impressions from the sense organs, and directing the several movements." I do not quite agree with this, but I believe it to be another example of that brain power which is the cause of all plant movement.

RECOGNITION OF HUMAN BLOOD.

How it May be Distinguished From That of the Lower Animals. The question whether marks and stains

on garments or weapons are blood-stains is an important one in criminal jurisprudence, and a reliable test by which such a point may be decided is very necessary. Dr. H. Formad has for some time been working in this direction, and the result of a large number of measurements he has made is the establishment of formulæ which will be extremely useful. For deciding the general question whether a certain stain is due to blood or to some vegetable juice or dye, the spectroscope and various chemical re-agents come into play. But to prove that a given come into play. But to prove that a given of small diamonds and emeralds. Mr. mad has for some time been working in this at Cote Farm, when he sauntered along the Somersetshire lanes flanked with blossoming hedgerows, begulling the childlike unsophisticated heart of Netta Dean? Did he mark of blood is human blood, the microfix spectroscope and various chemical re-agents to examine the jewels. They were all to examine the jewels. They were all of spectroscope and various chemical re-agents and the purchased one for the equivale come into play. But to prove that a given mark of blood is human blood, the microfix spectroscope and various chemical re-agents to examine the jewels. They were all the purchased one for the equivale come into play. But to prove that a given mark of blood is human blood, the micropurpose to which it is applicable is to meas-

ure the blood cells. The distinction of blood of any mammalian animal from that of the lower classes of animals is easy from the fact that in mammalia only the cell is non-nucleated; but the distinction between the blood of a man and that of the lower mammalia turns entirely upon the micrometric measurement of the cells. The elephant, great ant-eater, walrus, sloth, platypus, whale, capibara, and the opossum have blood corpuscies larger than man; the seal, beaver, musk-rat, monkey, porcupine, kangaroo, wolf and guinea pig have corpuscles slightly below man in size; and all other animals, including all domestic species, have corpuscles much below that of man in size. Dr. Formad summarizes the facts, as far

known at present, thus:

First—The blood corpuscies of birds, reptiles, and fishes being oval and nucleated, can never be mistaken for human blood.

Second—Fresh human blood cannot be mistaken, under the microscope, for the blood of any animal whose corpuscles have a mean diameter of less than 1-4000;

or even 1-3600 of an inch.

Third—If the average diameter of the corpuscles in fresh blood be less than 1-4000 inch, then it cannot possibly be human blood; if the diameter be above 1-3500 inch then it may be human blood; but if the blood corpuseles, after exhaustive measurement, give a mean diameter, exceeding 1-3300 inch then it is human blood, provided it is not the blood of any of the ani-mals whose corpuscles exceed those of man in diameter. If the corpuscles have become spheroidal or crenated from drying, they may still be distinguished, because such changes are the same in all animals, and have their corresponding ratio of alterations in form and decrease in size, the range or scale of being always alike in the same

AN INCENTIVE TO INVENTION.

Attend the Ball Games. A story is told of the boyhood of George

Westinghouse Jr., who is known everywhere as the inventor of the celebrated airbrake which bears his name, and later' by his gigantic operations in electric lighting and natural gas, which shows that the germs of his inventive ability were very early ripe for development.

George was very fond of playing ball,

and was very often absent from his work at his father's factory. It was at last decided that George's work should be arranged on the piece system, instead of the time system, so that so soon as he had finished his task he could seek the seductions of the ball ground. The quickening effect of this arrangement was soon made manifest, for without any previous knowledge of the now well known disk method of cutting metals, he experienced and discovered that, with a circular disk of soft sheet from, on the highest speed of his lathe he could split a file. He quickly utilized this method of completion is a delicative tracking desired and approximately approximate ing his daily task and repaired so early each day to the ball ground, that his father at first feared a miscount had occurred. On watching George at work, however, he soon saw for himself how the remarkable feat

ELECTRICAL CENSUS MACHINE.

Vast Population.

A system of machines has been devised for facilitating the taking of the census, in which electricity is called into play. The machines are much more reliable than the most accurate human agency and one system of machines has been devise most accurate human agency and one machine will do the work of a large number of clerks. The next census of this country will be taken with these machines, and

BILL NYEwill act as press agent for gives a forecast of the programme and the

THE STOLEN JEWELS.

Mr. Cheesebrough's Peculiar Meeting With a Veiled Lady in

A HOMBURG PAWNBROKER'S SHOP.

A Maid, Wrongfully Arrested for Robbing

Her Mistress,

NEW YORK, June 7 .- Several persons of prominence in New York are wondering what has become of a young French woman who, when last heard of, was on her way to this country. She is only a lady's maid, yet she has been a source of worriment to three distinguished New Yorkers. One of these three is a distinguished and wealthy

leader of society. The second is Frederic R. Condert, wit, scholar and lawyer; a man of large fortune and even more distinguished reputation, the peer of any lawyer at our bar. The third is Robert A. Cheesebrough, a millionaire banker and clubman and a relation of Mr. Coudert. Why should they be disturbed by the possible arrival of a poor French maid who has neither friends, beauty nor

Last summer Mr. Cheesebrough was traveling in Europe with his daughter and a niece, the latter a near relative of Mr. Coudert also. In Homburg, a famous summer resort in Germany, Mr. Cheesebrough went into a jewelry shop to hunt for something unique. Homburg is a curious old town, such as is always attractive to the town, such as is always attractive to the millionaire American relic hunter. While Mr. Cheesebrough was there a cab drove up to the door and a lady entered. She was hurried and nervous, and her face was hidden behind a veil. Something in her appearance struck Mr. Cheesebrough familiarly, and, smitten with a sudden projective. den curiosity, he stepped aside into the shadow of a corner. After glancing nervously around, the woman threw aside her veil and produced a small bag, from which she poured a glittering mass of jewels, set and unset. Diamonds, sapphires, rubies, pearls, emeralds, all of fine quality, lay in dazzling confusion before the astonis

"I wish to sell them," said the woman A VEILED LADY.

Mr. Cheesebrough was interested. He remembered a published account of the dissppearance of \$100,000 worth of jewels from the possession of a rich American lady traveling in Germany. He recalled that she had accused her maid of being impli-cated in the robbery and that mystery had hung over the entire case. Mr. Cheese-brough was acquainted with this American lady, and he thought he now beheld her in the disguised person who was offering jewels for sale! He had met her many times in New York, had spoken with her and knew her face well. He had never been much nearer to her than he was at that moment, and he was ready to make oath to her iden-

his companions at his niece took a
When Mr. Coudert later be bought the ring of Mr. Che and gave it to the young lady. Mr. Cheese-brough impurted what he had seen to his friends, and they marveled greatly at it. Weeks later in Paris he told a lowyer resid-ing in that city that he had pure. ing in that city that he had pure of the rich New York lady's mismandia monds. The lawyer jokingly repeate the lady and the result was war.

A STERN DEMAND.

In the meantime the lady had her maid back to New York. She went at once to Mr. Cheesebrough's office and demanded her stolen diamonds. Mr. Cheesebrough was appalled. He tried to make light of his Parisian remark, and said it was a jest, but it was no use. The lady was infuriated, and talked threateningly. The employes in the outer office listened in amazement. Fortu-nately for Mr. Cheesbrough the more vioent the lady became the more calm and

self-possessed he was. Finally he said dryly:
"Madam, I bought one ring in Homburg immediately after a certain lady had sold it, together with many other jewels. If that ring is yours, it was not stolen, but sold by you. That, in fact, was my firm impression at the time. I was positive that I recommend when in the present who sold those cognized you in the person who sold those jewels. If that ring is not yours, then only

was I mistaken." "I will put the case into the hands of In-

spector Byrnes," she angrily said.
"Very well, Madam," said Mr. Cheese-brough with a mock bow.
Mr. Cheesebrough called upon Mr. Coudert after this visit and told him of his experience. It was decided to get the ring from the young lady who was then in possession of it, and to send it to Inspector Byrnes, o the police. If Milady claimed it, well and good: if not, why so much the better.
"Mind you, Cheesebrough," said Mr. Coudert, "I would rather lose the value of

that ring one hundred times than have any more fuss about it." In the meantime milady had visited In-spector Byrnes. The next day she called again, and the next day also. Mr. Cheesebrough sent the ring to the inspector and the latter handed it to the lady. She looked

at it carefully.
"That isn't my ring," she said. "That is a cheap ring, and all my jewelry was expen-The ring was returned to Mr. Cheese-brough and through him to his niece. Milady called again upon Mr. Cheese-brough and there was another stormy interview. There the matter dropped. Sometime thereafter the French maid was honorably discharged from fall in Paris. The chief of discharged from jail in Paris. The chief of police apoligized for having locked her up at all, and said there was not a scintilla of evidence against her. But this poor girl had suffered and soft words could not right

her wrongs.

"I will recover to my strength," she said, "and then I will sail to the United States and sue Milady for what she has done

There seems to be no doubt as to her carrying into effect this threat. When she does there will be masic. Mr. Cheese-brough and Mr. Coudert are both quotable to the effect that they will tell what they know if they see the maid trampled upon. They don't like to do it. They want to avoid the notoriety if possible and therefore they hope the maid will not come, Mr. Cheesebrough is still confident, moreover, that he made no mistake in the mysterious woman in Homburg. As he said: "If woman in Homburg. As he said: "If Madam had identified the ring she would have had to acknowledge that her jewels had not been stolen, as she had so so

STORMS their causes and origin, is the sand timely article prepared for to-morrow's DISPATCH by scientists who have mude the matter a life study. Electrical Weldler.

It is proposed to discard vivate in the manufacture of boilers and weld the join by electricity.